And oftentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anoynted King is hence?
Why fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Boſome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Father, and thy ſelfe,
Reſcued the *blacke Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thouſand French:
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this Arme of mine,
Now priſoner to the Plaſhy, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy faults.

Bul. My gracious Vncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

Yor. Even in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th' expiration of thy time,
In braving Armes againſt thy Soveraigne.

Bul. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as a I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And noble Vncle, I beſeech your Grace
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Couſin King be King of England,
It muſt be granted, I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt died and he bin thus trod downe,
He ſhould have found his Vncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denyde to ſue my Livery here,
And yet my Letters Pattens give me leave;
My fathers goods are all diſtraynd, and ſold,
And theſe, and all amiſſe imployd,

What would you have me doe
And challenge Law, Attorneyes
And therefore perſonally I lay m
To mine inheritance of free Deſc

Nor. The Noble Duke hath b

Reſ. It ſtands your Grace upon

Wil. Baſe men by his endowm

Yor. My Lords of England, let
I have had feeling of my Coſins
And labour'd all I could to doe
But in this kind, to come in bravi
Be his owne Carver, and cut out
To find out Right with wrongs, it
And you that doe abeit him in th
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebe

Yor. The Noble Duke hath ſw
But for his owne, and for the righ
We all have ſtrongly ſworne to g
And let him nev'r ſee joy, that br

Yor. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs co
Becauſe my power is weake, and
But if I could, by him that gave
I would attach you all, and make
Vnto the Soveraigne mercy of th
But ſince I cannot, be it knowne t
I doe remaine as Neuter. So far
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the
And there repoſe you for this Ni

Bul. An offer Vncle, that we wil
But we muſt winne your Grace to
To Briſtoll Caſtle, which they ſay
By *Buſhie*, *Bagot*, and their Comp
The Caterpillers of the Commo
Which I have ſworne to weede, a

Yor. It may be I will goe with y
For I am loth to breake our Cou
Not Friends, nor Foes, to me we

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA